

There are numerous quotations with which one might begin an article of this nature, there are a great many ways of making appeals, and there are words of every type which might show appreciation. Yet, we know how time after time you have been confronted with the idea of the blessedness of giving rather than receiving, the idea to dig a little deeper and give a little more, and then the ever familiar, "Gee, thanks, fellow! You'll never forget this." But that isn't the point.

It was back in 1941—November. Elon had just won the last big ball game of the season. There was celebration galore, Thanksgiving holidays, and Christmas just around the corner. Sure, we were all excited. Then came December 7, the day of the presentation of the MESSIAH. Wherever you were, whatever you might have been doing, that day and its events made a great change in your life, in your thoughts, and even in your personality.

Not long after that many boys left the Elon campus to take their places in battle. With them they carried memories of their school, their friends. With them they also carried hope—hope for those memories again to become realities rather than cherished dreams. Today, as victory appears a little closer—the hours pass, that hope and spirit has not died but remains in their minds, only this time stronger, for it is a renewed hope. It has been renewed by the efforts of a powerful nation of people who, at home, have kept and are making something worth hoping for.

During the last few weeks we've heard a great deal about this National War Fund Drive and its purpose. Yes, we know what you're thinking—"Just another one of those pleas for money." But, believe it or not, you're all wrong. . . . And where do we get that?—Well, that's simple to answer. Elon students have never had to be begged for anything.

Several years ago, the students of Elon College "dug" into the "All or Nothing" campaign head over heels. And if you don't think they meant it when they went after \$1000, just ask Dr. Smith. They didn't give because they were forced to or because somebody worried them sick with "Please, please." We know why they gave without one single plea, and you know, too. We know because we're Elon students, too.

But back to those fellows who left Elon to fight. We're hoping and believing it won't be too long before they'll be returning. And when they're back, you can bet your life they'll get a mighty hearty welcome and a big round of "Thank-yous." They'll just be counting on you to make those hopes we've been talking about turn into the "real stuff." And, Brother, with Elon students in this War Fund Drive, there's no doubt about it.

You bet we're proud of our part, too. Every Elon dollar that goes into this campaign carries that very message, "Thanks a million, fellows," for you see, we're not giving, just thanking.

Joe Franks, Lem Allen and Spike Harrell believe in the saying, "Variety is the spice of life," and have added to it, "variety is also the spice of dating."

Frances Pegram is stuck on something! (Namely, behind on Pi Beta Phi pin of Duke Beddingfield's.)

Ellen Albright, Jane Whitlock, Leight Flinchum, and Betty Benton all toured down Carthage way this past week end. Frank Bain to Haw River.

Verdalee Norris was surprised Wednesday night with a birthday party given for her by third floor West. A home baked cake was done away with in short order.

Note to freshmen: The Oak is for seniors.

Edna Reitzel played a good game of volleyball the other night—from inspiration that came before the game, no doubt.

The dean of women has decided that a lamp must accompany Leopold when he and Virginia Powell date in West again—in the same corner. Wayne Taylor has been informed that is too much weight on a chair if two sit in one—that was made for one person.

Hoy Todie Daniels has difficulty in walking a straight line—with his eyes shut. So saith John Theopolis.

Roy Berry has enlisted in the Army Air Corps Reserve for 77 year olds.

Shirley isn't the only Nuisance around the campus—Rawls gets the Noose out of the deal. And that's news.

It has been carefully explained to Dean Phares that moonshine comes in jugs and not bottles.

## Poet's Corner

### ODE: TO A LOST LOVE OR, WHAT GOOD DOES THE MAN SHORTAGE DO ME?

By Jerry Colonna Kubmeera

There is a lu-ump lodged in my thro-at,  
There is a pa-in deep in my hear-t;  
And if, by chance I were a po-at  
This is how I'd probably star-t.

I loved the women—young and o-uld,  
I loved the women—brave and bo-uld,  
I loved 'em when the sun went down—  
I loved 'em more when the moon was round . . .

Now there was one—Ah, gorgeous creature!  
But man alive! The way she did treat 'cher!  
She whispered sweet nuttins' from a heart full  
of love—  
For all the men under the heavens above.  
She said she could love me—in a sort of soothing  
tone:  
Yeah! She said she could love me—if I'd leave  
her alone.

And sad now I be, with no care for the women—  
Ah Heck! What's the difference?  
They don't appreciate me, anyhow.

Editor's Note: If this be a poem to fill up space,  
the author had better hide his wee face: Oh—woe  
is me.

When he ceased writing to me.

Later on I did discover  
I was hated by his lover . . .  
But I placed myself above her,  
And my wish was gratified.  
And the thought that scratched inside  
At length was pacified.  
And we named our first child Henry and dwell  
in a cottage near a lilac tree.  
And I thought of his fiancée  
Annually.

Emily Crandell—Old Gold & Black

### HITLER'S MISTAKE

In a dark, smoky beer cellar in the German city of Munich, in 1923, six men sat about a table talking. These half dozen men are plotting the downfall of German's Weimar Republic. The new political party which is to rule the country following the coup d'etat is to be headed by the man at the table—the one with the comic mustache and dirty trenchcoat.

The group is seeking a name and a symbol, which will attract followers to their party and under which they can march in their hate.

What shall they call themselves? One stout fellow who fancies himself quite a Don Juan, recommends "The Social Workers Bund." Another, a sallow, club-footed man overrides it with "The National German Party." But the leader sits silent, deep in thought. Suddenly he speaks, and the others lean forward to hear him—"The name we will use has just come to me," he says. "We will call ourselves the Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei . . . in short, the NAZIS."

Now they must choose a symbol and a flag. All at once the leader pounds the table and in a shrill voice cries—"I have it. We will use the symbol of good luck—the ancient Aryan symbol, the swastika. We will call it the Haaken Kreuz, the hooked cross. It will be our Nazi symbol of good fortune."

Under the sign of the hooked cross, the Nazi surge into power, and by 1933 all Germany is under their domination. In a few more years all Europe bends under the weight of the crooked cross. At last—the swastika is marching against the world.

But then something happens. Defeat after defeat crushes the Nazi army. The Luftwaffe is blasted from the sky. The great cities of Germany become blazing infernos where the crooked cross withers and dies.

Hitler must soon learn about his major mistakes—only one among his many. The ancients used two symbols. In choosing what he thought to be the symbol of good luck, the swastika, Hitler chose by mistake the suavstika, whose crooked arms reaching in opposite directions, portend peril and misfortune to all who use it.

—Coronet

## New Books To Read

By Elizabeth Benton

VALLEY OF THE SKY, by Hobart Douglas Skidmore, is one of the most popular of the best-sellers recently added to the Elon library.

This is not only a novel of battle, but also a novel concerning human beings; it shows the feeling of the men for their plane, the personal integrity which turns a civilian into a first-class fighting man, and the effect of death on the minds of the men. It is the story of men who fight in the sky for a dream on the earth.

The "Harpie," their plane, is the unit which binds together the ten men which comprise its crew. To them it is something almost human. In battle she seemed to be guided by a power which is beyond their ability to comprehend.

In her last battle, although disabled, she dropped

4. Never spit your chewing gum in somebody else's glass of water. Unnecessary noise at the table is frowned upon. In the case of Bernice Bangle, who chews tobacco, it is suggested that she deposit same in the gravy bowl, where no one will notice.

5. Stick the napkin in one's collar. If one is not wearing a collar, or if one is wearing a tee shirt, stuff the napkin in one's belt. Carl Neil, Elon's fashion plate, has specially made napkins, tailored neck size, and made in colors that match his garments that he wears to dinner.

6. Folks should not say mean or nasty things at the table, unless they are like Leopold who can get much more to eat if everyone else becomes sick and gives him their share after listening to an offhew remark.

7. It is a sign of great intellectuality if one has a knowledge of some of the more elite terms bestowed to various items of the culinary art—a brief list of which ensues:

Sliced bread is known as plaster of Paris; rolls and biscuits are referred to as cement; butter is called by the socialites "grease," but the term is changed to lard should oleo be used; spinach, cabbage, and the like are spoken of as sea weed; sugar, dandruf, salt, sea dust; pepper, dirt; jam, varnish; gravy, mucilage; vinegar, bottled Haw River; corn has name bad joke; fried chicken is affectionately named turkey buzzard, unless it is a small one, and then the handle of canary bird is applied; eggs are hen fruit; rice, fly eggs; the name for vanilla pudding will be had upon request of Ruby Braxton or Shorty Smith; water is asked for as tear juice; and there are countless other learned non de plumes, which will be easy to remember after a bit.

8. If there is an occasion to converse with someone at the next table, be considerate enough to raise your voice loud enough so the other person can hear. "Why bother the waiters for messages?" asks Jo Poe. "They have enough to do as is."

8. Never eat hurriedly. Try to be the last to finish, even if it takes seven helpings to do so. Don Miller claims an undisputed championship in this respect.

10. Pets shouldn't be fed at the same table with a human, nor at the same table. Verdalee Norris's cat was allowed at her table, though, for a long time, until the aforesaid feline creature wandered into a coal pile in back of the powerhouse and left little black footprints all over the fish at Friday dinner.

11. John Rossi, the renowned engineer, has found that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. He has applied the ancient and oft quoted adage, this time to the subject of passing a slice of bread to the far end of the table. Instead of causing any inconvenience to those eating, who would normally be called on to pass the bread down the line, Mr. Rossi suggests that the slice of bread be heaved directly to the person in need. "Great caution should be taken," warns Rossi, "so as not to throw the bread into the gravy bowl, as dunking is not polite."

12. One should sit in seats that are assigned. Leon Gibbs has a shot gun to use on people who usurp his place.

Should any questions arise, Hahvey Rawls will be only too glad to explain the finer points of how to go about the devouring of food and drink in the proper manner.

her bombs on the target, and helped to make possible the successful landing and American infantryman and Marines. After doing her job, mortally wounded, she and her crew fly into the clouds. Even yet, all men who fly listen for the "Harpie," knowing that her spirit was infinite.

VALLEY OF THE SKY is a beautiful book, not only for its spirit, but also for its portrayal of the men who bring battle to the peaceful valley of the sky.